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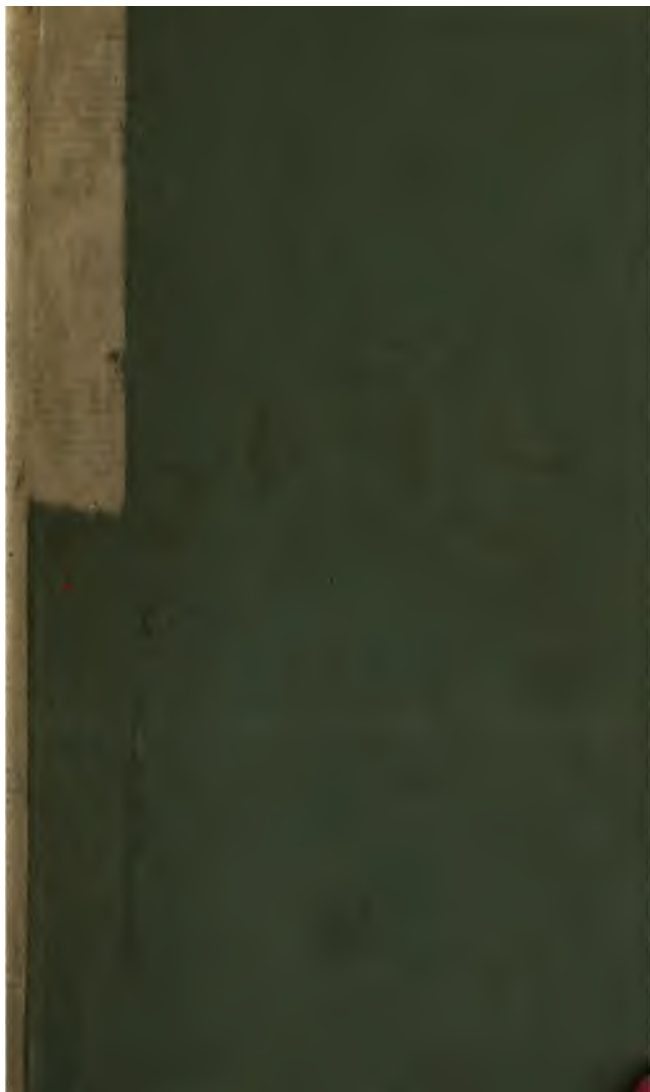
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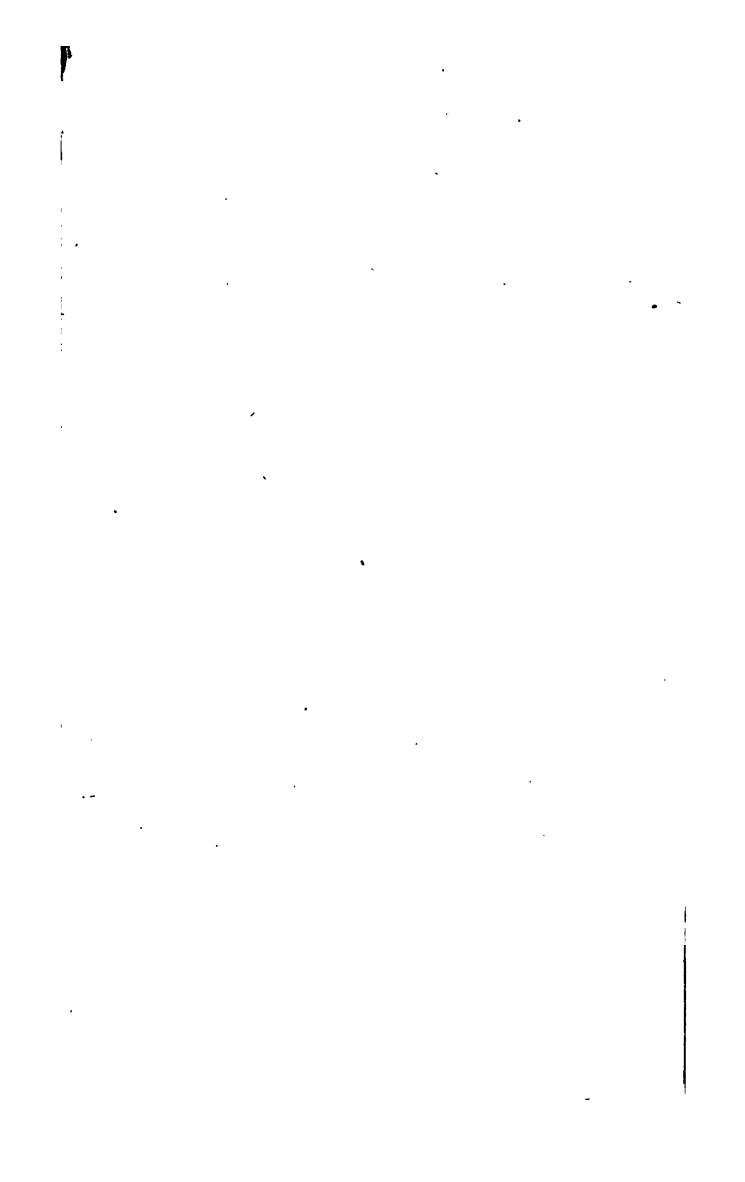
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THE
BEAUTIES

OF

Ancient English Poetry.
By Thomas Percy, Esq. of Ilchester.

That old and antique song ———
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

An abridgement of Percy's Poems. SHAKESPEARE. 14



c LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, CHEAPSIDE;
AND R. GRIFFIN AND CO. GLASGOW.

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PREFACE.

THE strong disposition that has of late discovered itself in this country to recover the vestiges of the "olden times," and especially to restore its ancient literature, may have been determined in some degree by accidental circumstances. Yet it seems reasonable to ascribe such a remarkable turn in the mind of a most cultivated age, appearing in countries of a different character, to some more general cause, which may dispose us to regard such an inclination in the genius of an age like our own, so far from being repugnant to its character of extreme civilization, that it may rather seem to arise from it.

The pleasure we receive from making ourselves acquainted with the literature of past ages, and more especially with their literature of imagination, is intimately connected with an impression, that in their literature we see the picture of their minds. Even that strong sympathy which waits upon the events of life is insufficient in itself to attract us, and our interest in their history is imperfect, except where the distinct individual conception of their character as a people, accompanies the relation.

The strong interest of knowing and discerning the mind of another people, arises not merely out of a former knowledge of the greatness of that people, but it springs up at the moment, instinct with life of its own, from present discernment of their character.

The mind is not merely satisfying itself on acquiring new evidence of what it believed before; it is making discovery of what it did not know; it is creating its knowledge by its own momentary acts; it apprehends, discerns, and reads the mind which it had never studied at a former period. What is this feeling, this interest? What is the strong power by which, as human beings, we are held in the contemplation of individual character? Why are those qualities of the mind, which are visibly its own, those virtues, and powers which seem to have their birth within itself, and to be the living inherent tendencies of its own nature, why are those so peculiarly beautiful? What is that charm of a native grace that is felt in them all? Why, in short, is every manifestation of the uncontrolled self-developement of the soul so wonderfully interesting? We know that it is so; and we see, therefore, a principle in our nature, sufficiently operative and powerful to explain the strong interest that is felt in discerning and considering the native character of a people in their native literature.

Mr. Hume has observed that in the *Fairy Queen* of Spencer, the genius of the author is encumbered and disguised under the antiquated and fantastical costume of chivalry, which he has chosen to assume. We believe there are few readers of the poetry of the present day to whom this very objection does not constitute one essential interest and beauty of the work, and few judges of the character of poets, to whom the spirit of chivalry does not appear to have raised, refined, and purified, even the genius of Spencer—that genius which could itself refine and purify whatever it touched.

The opinion of this writer upon literature in general, and especially on such a subject as poetry, may perhaps be considered as the literary opinion of his own age, or of a preceding one, rather than the offspring of his own mind, for judgments on such subjects as these, can scarcely be conceived as emanating from a mind, in all its own habits of speculation so alien to them. Nor is it very probable that on subjects on which he could not feel himself strong, he would, in a work, not of ingenious and speculative argument, but of grave history, have hazarded himself in opinions, in which he did not secretly feel some countenance from those judgments that he was accustomed to revere, and to consider as of paramount authority in literature.

Be this opinion as it may, the feelings with which our ancient poetry was generally regarded at the beginning and close of the last century, were essentially different. In our Augustan age, as it has been termed, we see the mind of the country tending with determined force from that ancient literature, and in the present day we have seen it returning upon these treasures of the past, with an almost passionate admiration.

If the reader should not be aware what the estimate of poetry was in this country in the last century, let him refer to that curious literary passage of Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," who puts into the mouth of a speaker evidently intended as a judge of authority, high praise of the tragedies of that æra of our stage, for their adherence to nature, contemptuously comparing them with the monstrous and gigantic delineation of our elder dramatists, not excepting even

Shakspeare. The two instances quoted, may not appear thus solitarily to have much weight to the reader; yet surely it will be admitted, that so unpoetical a declaration from the hand of a poet, is at least a strong, probable indication of the overpowering opinion of his contemporaries, which could so far repress the native feeling of poetry in his mind. No man will believe that Goldsmith, now living, would have so judged.

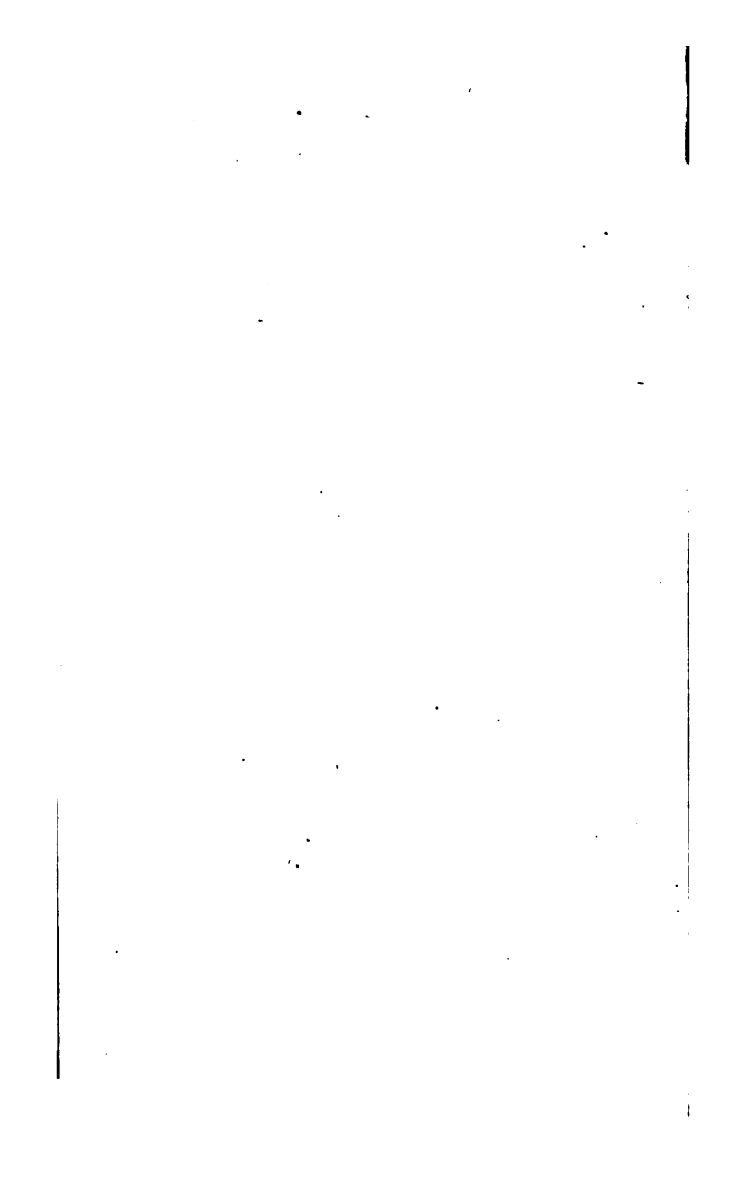
It is to little purpose however, to cite especial circumstances, for, after all, there is nothing but to refer the reader to his own knowledge for the fact assumed—that there has been of late years, and is, at this time, in the mind of the country, a strong determination of enquiry as to the monuments of its earlier history, and an earnest desire to discover for intellectual speculation, and perhaps for something of a moral love, the faithful representation of ages which had long been given up without regret or regard, to be lost in the darkness of time.

And certainly nothing can be imagined more deplorable in the feelings of a people than the voluntary forgetfulness of the mental achievements of their ancestors. The living and creating spirit of literature is its nationality. Whatever is introduced into it from abroad, or added to it from within, should be, and, if it is of any value, must be, in harmony with its past greatness. It was the glory of the Greeks that their literature was native; it was the fatality of the Romans that theirs was imported. But when a nation reaches a high point of civilization, and when its literature is highly refined and perfected, it must either then turn itself to the study, and consequently the imitation, of the literature of

other nations, or it must revert to the ancient spirit of its own. Happily,

“ The ancient spirit is not dead,
Old times we trust are living here :”

And while the worst part of our national literature is forgotten, on the other hand we have raised up as it were from the tomb, a spirit that was only lying asleep ; and that now, from the dust and the darkness, walks abroad amongst us, in the renovation of all its strength and beauty.







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with the utmost security into the Danish camp, and though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him an hospitable reception.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of a similar disguise to reconnoitre the camp of Athelstan. Anlaff with his harp in his hand, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan with his singing and music, and was dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to be a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem, by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition.

There can then be no doubt that the Saxons had minstrels of their own; otherwise, Alfred's assuming so unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to shew favour to the Danish Scalds, their prince would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. From the uniform procedure of both these monarchs, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But if these facts had not existed, the proof is in existence that the minstrel was a regular officer in the court of our Saxon kings; for in Domesday book, *Joculator Regis*, the king's minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire, in which country he had lands assigned him for his maintenance.

When the Normans (*i. e.* northern men) under Rollo, made

an irruption into France in the beginning of the tenth century, the Scaldic art had arrived to the highest pitch in Rollo's native country; and that conqueror without doubt, carried many Scalds or bards with him from the north, who settled with him in Normandy, and transmitted their skill to their children and successors. So that when William the Bastard invaded this country in the succeeding century, the following fact will shew that poetry and song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the north. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the minstrel arts than for his courage. This man advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with the songs of Roland and Charlemagne; then rushing among the thickest of the Britons, and bravely fighting, lost his life.

The Norman conquest then was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom than to suppress it, and we may conclude that after this period, this order of men would grow into more favour and repute, and the profession itself acquire new privileges.

After the Conquest, few facts are known of the minstrels till the reign of Richard I., and under him their profession seems to have revived with additional splendour. Richard, who was the great restorer and hero of chivalry, was also the patron of poets and minstrels. Many of the Provençal bards were invited to his court, and loaded with honours and rewards; and the distinguished service which Richard received from one of his minstrels in rescuing him from captivity in 1193, could not fail to recommend them to his own subjects.

At another time, the minstrels under Lord Roger de Lacy,

and Hugh de Dutton, rescued Ranulph, the last earl of Chester from the Welch, in the reign of king John. For this service the earl granted to De Lacy by charter, a peculiar privilege over men of this sort, who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs; and the minstrels enjoyed for many ages peculiar honours and privileges under the descendants of that family. Even in the reign of Elizabeth, when the profession had fallen into such discredit, that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the minstrels under the protection of the Duttons were expressly excepted out of all acts made for their suppression. An act which passed in the late reign also contains the same exceptions.

Under the reign of Edward I. severe as that monarch was in extirpating the bards of Wales, such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, that though they were obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in the year 1315, they still retained the privilege of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiar and splendid in their dress.

The minstrels continued to be a part of the establishment of our kings so late as Henry VIII. But towards the end of the sixteenth century they had sunk so low in public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed, by which, "minstrels wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.



BEAUTIES
OF
Ancient Poetry.

PIECES RELATING TO THE DRAMA.

GERNUTUS, THE JEW OF VENICE.

THE subject of this ballad is borrowed from an Italian novel, by Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378. There is reason to believe that Shakspeare was indebted to the same work for his plot in the "Merchant of Venice."

[Taken from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intitled, "A new song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, &c. &c.—To the tune of Black and Yellow."]

THE FIRST PART.

**IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie
As Italian writers tell.**

Gernutus called was the Jew, 5
 Which never thought to dye,
 Nor ever yet did any good
 To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow-hogge, 10
 That liveth many a day,
 Yet never once did any good,
 Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
 That lyeth in a whoard'; 15
 Which never can do any good,
 Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
 He cannot sleep in rest,
 For fear the thiefe will him pursue,
 To plucke him from his nest. 20

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
 How to deceive the poore;
 His mouth is almost full of mucke,
 Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling, 25
 For every weeke a penny,
 Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
 If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day, 30
 Or else you loose it all :
 This was the living of the wife,
 Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwell that time,
 A marchant of great fame,
 Which being distressed, in his need, 35
 Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his friend,
 For twelve month and a day,
 To lend to him an hundred crownes :
 And he for it would pay 40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
 And pledges he should have.
 No, (quoth the Jew, with fearing lookes)
 Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it 45
 For one year you shall pay ;
 You may doe me as good a turne,
 Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry feast,
 For to be talked long : 50
 You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
 That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture ;
 Of your owne fleshe a pound.
 If you agree, make you the bond, 55
 And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the marchant says :
 And so the bond was made.
 When twelve month and a day drew on
 That backe it should be payd : 60

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes 65
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you bear with mee.

My day is come, and I have not 70
The money for to pay :
And little good the forfeiture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde :
In thinges of bigger waight than this
You shall me ready finde. 75

He goes his way ; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke,
To get a sergiant presently ;
And clap him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong, 80
And sued his bond withall ;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye. 87

SECOND PART.

"Of the Jews crueltie ; setting forth the mercifulnesse of
 " the Judge towards the Marchant."

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
 Five hundred for to pay ;
 And some a thousand, two or three,
 Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes 5
 They offered, him to save.
 Gernutus sayd, I will no gold,
 My forfeite I will have.

A pounce of flesh is my demand
 And that shall be my hire. 10
 Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
 Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
 As yet you let him live :
 Do so, and lo ! an hundred crownes 15
 To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he, no : judgement here :
 For this it shall be stride,
 For I will have my pounce of flesh,
 From under his right side. 20

It grieved all the companie
 His crueltie to see,
 For neither friend nor foe could helpe
 But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeite of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow :
Stay, (quoth the judge) thy cruelty;
I charge thee to do so.

**Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeite have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.** **35**

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shall hanged be :
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee : 40

**For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.**

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad, 45
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The judge doth answere make ;
You shall not have a penny given ;
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, 55
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pounce of fleshe, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand ! 60

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them farewell.
Then all the people prays'd the lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, 65
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man, 70
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do. 76

PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

THIS beautiful Sonnet is quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and has been ascribed by many, as well as the "Nymph's Reply," to Shakespeare himself. But Shakespeare, who it is well known, took no care of his own compositions, was also as regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him, of which Sir John Oldcastle, the London Prodigal, &c. are sufficient instances.

It has with more reason been attributed to Christopher Marlow, and the "Nymph's Reply" to Sir Walter Raleigh. Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, has inserted both pieces in his "Compleat Angler," [1653], under the character of that smooth song, "which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days—Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, about the year 1592.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove,
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There wil we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

9

There wil I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle : 10

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold : 15

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love. 24

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and Love were young ;
And truth in every shepherd's tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love,

But time drives flocks from field to fold, 5
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of eares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield : 10
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall,

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, 15
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten,

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move 20
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no meed ;
Then those delights my mind might move, 24
To live with thee, and be thy love.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

AN ancient ballad on the subject of King Lear, which bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakspeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted; if it were but certain that it was written before the tragedy. But we have nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of this ballad. Shakspeare, however, not being the first of our dramatists who fitted the story of Lear to the stage, it is probable that the ballad has the claim of priority.

[The following verses are taken from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," in which it is called; "A lamentable story of the death of King Leir, and his three daughters.—To the tune of When flying Fame."]

KING Leir once ruled in this land;
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave, 5
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be:

So on a time it pleased the king:
A question thus to move, 10
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love.
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth 15
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began :
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be : 20
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ; 25
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ; 30
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd ;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl, 35
How is thy love ally'd ?
My love, (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show. 40

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find ;
Henceforth I banish thee my court, 45
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 13

**Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand, 50**

**To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd 55
Until my dying day.**

**Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here ;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear : 60
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town :**

**Until at last in famous France 65
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground :
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen, 70
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.**

**Her father, ' old' king Leir this while
With his two daughters staid ;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves, 75
Full soon the same decay'd ;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means
And most of all his train. 80**

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee :
 She gave allowance but to ten;
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him, 85
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus; quoth he,
 In giving all I have 90
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Genorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful, 95
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court,
 Where when she heard his moan,
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd;
 That all his means were gone : 100
 But no way could relieve his wants ;
 Yet, if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears, 105
 He made his answer then :
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men:
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court ; 110
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 15

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away :
When he was well within her court 115
(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonorell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by, 120

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate, 125

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately were a crown, 130

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words, 130
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind, 135
He bore the marks of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread. 140
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess with discontents, 145
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance :
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief, 150
As duty bound, she quickly sent,
Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought 155
To Aganippus' court,
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent. 160

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear :
Where she, true-hearted noble queen, 165
Was in the battel slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possess his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love 170
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battel move ;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted :
But on her bosom left his life, 175
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
 The end of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents : 180
 And being dead, their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin.
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin. 184

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

SHAKESPEARE alludes to this song in *Romeo*, and *Juliet*, in which he introduces the following dialogue.

Pet. Why 'silver sound?' why, 'musicke with her silver sound?' What say you, Simon Catling?

Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Bebeck?

Mus. I say—'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—'musicke with her silver sound,' because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

[Copied from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library, entitled "Divers Things of Hen. viij's time, with some corrections from "The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1590."]

WHERE gripinge grefes the heart would wounde,
 And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
 There musicke with her silver sound
 With spede is wont to send redresse : 5
 Of trobled mynds, in every sore,
 Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirth abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By musicks pleasaunt swete delightes : 10
Our senses all, what shall I say more ?
Are subjecte unto musicks lore,

The Gods by musicke have their prayse ;
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye :
For, as the Romaine poet sayes, 15
In seas, whom pyratts would destroye,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe ! 20
O musicke, whom the gods assinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !
Sense thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ? 24

THE
FROLICKSOME DUKE;

OR,

THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

WE are informed by Burton, in his "Anatomic of Melancholie," that the circumstances described in the following ballad took place at the court of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Shakspeare has availed himself of these materials in his Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew."

[From a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.—To the tune of *Fond Boy*.]

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport :
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you read the
true jest :

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and
Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him
then.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace altho' he was poorly arrai'd :
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes,
and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
 They did give him clean holland, this was no great
 hurt :

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
 They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his
 crown.

In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
 For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did
 wait ;

And the chamberling bare, then did likewise de-
 clare,

He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware ;
 The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gas'd,
 And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a
 rich suit,

Which he straitways put on without longer dispute.
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
 And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride ;
 For he said to himself, where is Joan my sweet wife ?
 Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good
 grape

Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,

Trumpets sounding before him ; thought he, this is
 great :

Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
 With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his
guests,

He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary, with sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his
bowl,

Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did
snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him
amain,

And restore him his old leather garments again :
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they
must,

And they carry'd him strait, where they found him
at first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he
sought

For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and old
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome jo
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres
ground.

Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries nor
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess
tend.

When the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet
bride

Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I
brace,

I was never before in so happy a case.

Y.

it and do
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on sent

teries
good friar
duches

THE

FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

DISPERSED through Shakespeare's plays are numbers of little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, a gentleman was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas connect them together, and form them into one tale.—A small fragment is taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

common
d:
love I

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar, 5
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one? 10
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd, 15
And eyne of lovely blue.

Oh, lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone. 20

Within these holy cloysters long
He languish'd, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier 25
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone? 30
And didst thou dye for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, 35
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love. 40

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll ever more weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY. 25

Weep no more, lady, weep no more, 45
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last ? 50
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not soe :
For since my true-love dyed for mee, 55
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain. 60

His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comliest youth was he !—
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas ! and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, 65
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ; 70
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe;
My love he had the truest heart : 75
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee. 80

But first upon thy true-loves grave,
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile 85
Beneath this cloyster wall :
Seethrough the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not I pray ; 90
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see beneath this gown of gray 95
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought ;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought. 100

But haply for my year of grace¹,
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 105
Once more unto my heart :
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part. 108

¹ The year of probation allowed in all monastic orders before the final adoption of the cowl, &c.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

THIS excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It has been quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour."

[Taken from a Music book, intituled, "Bassus. Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into musicke of five parts, &c. By William Byrde, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maiesties honorable Chappell."]

My minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God or Nature hath assigned :
 Though much I want, that most would have, 5
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice :
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies. 10
 Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall :
 I see that such as sit aloft 15
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toile, and keep with feare :
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

29

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne a victorie 20
No wylie wit to salve a sore
No shape to winne a lovers eye ;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind dispisith all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live. 30

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane :
I fear no see, nor fawne on friend : 35
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My welthe is health, and perfect ease ;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all do so as well as I ! 42

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THESE four stanzas, with the fifth of the preeding poem, are given in a black-letter edition in the Pepys collection as one Poem.—To the tune of “In Crete.” But as they are found distinct in “Byrde’s Bastus,” it is thought proper so to give them here.

I JOYE not in no earthly blisse ;
 I weigh not Cresus’ welth a straw ;
 For care I weigh not what it is ;
 I feare not fortunes fatall law :
 My mind is such as may not move 5
 For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
 I wander not to seeke for more ;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;
 In greatest stormes I sitte on shore, 10
 And laugh at them that toil in vaine
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
 I faine not love where most I hate ;
 I breake no sleep to winne my wille ; 15
 I wayte not at the mighties gate ;
 I scorne no poor, I feare no rich ;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;
 Extreames are counted worst of all ; 20
 The golden meane betwixt them both,
 Doth surest fit, and feares no fall.
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 Ne wealth is like a quiet minde. 24

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE.

[FROM Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "the Lover's Progress."]

ADIEU, fond love! Farewell, you wanton powers!

I am free again.

Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,

Bewitching pain!

Fly to fools that sigh away their time,

My nobler love to heaven doth climb,

And there behold beauty still young;

That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;

Immortal sweetness, by fair angels sung,

And honoured by eternity and joy!

There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,

Fond love declines; this heavenly love grows higher.



SECTION II.—AMATORY AND PASTORAL.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

THIS tale is taken from an ancient historical poem intitled "Albion's England," by W. Warner, a writer, observes a former editor, only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse.

He received his education at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. In the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon. More of his history is not known. His contemporaries ranked him with Spenser, though his name and works are now equally forgotten, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age. Warner, though sometimes harsh, affected, and not unfrequently obscure, occasionally displays a pleasing, and pathetic simplicity.

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoke to flame,

But jelousie is hell;

Some wives by patience have reduc'd

Ill husbands to live well :

As did the ladie of an earle,

5

Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle ' there was ' had wedded, lov'd ;

Was lov'd, and lived long

Full true to his fayre countesse ; yet

At last he did her wrong.

10

Once hunted he untill the chase,
Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge
Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place 15
And persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
Halfe backed with a hoope, 20
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds 25
Were creame, to make him merry.

Mean while (in russet neatly clad,
With linen white as swanne,
Herself more white, save rosie where
The ruddy colour ranne : 30

Whom naked nature, not the aydes
Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter sturres to see
That all were feat and well ;
The earle did marke her, and admire 35
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet falls he to their homely fare,
And held him at a feast :

But as his hunger slaked, so
An amorous heat increast. 40

When this repast was past, and thanks,
And welcome too : he sayd
Unto his host and hostesse, in
The hearing of the mayd :

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord 45
Of this, and many townes ;
I also know that you be poore,
And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
That yonder lasse and I 50
May bargain for her love ; at least
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it ? nay who dares
Into my doings pry ?

First they mislike, yet at the length 55
For lucre were misled ;
And then the gamesome earle did wowe
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
So coyish to be kist, 60
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large,
She lastly did consent ;
With whom he lodged all that night, 65
And early home he went.

He took occasion oftentimes
 In such a sort to hunt,
 Whom when his lady often mist,
 Contrary to his wotrt, 70

And lastly was informed of
 His amorous haunt elsewhere ;
 It griev'd her not a little, though
 She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe ; 75
 Some fault perhaps in me ;
 Somewhat is done, that soe he doth :
 Alas ! what may it be ?

How may I winne him to myself ?
 He is a man ; and men 80
 Have imperfections : it behooves
 Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,
 Although hee now were chaste :
 A man controulled of his wife, 85
 To her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or dalliance may
 Prevayle to alter him ;
 I will be dutifull, and make
 My selfe for dalliance trim. 90

So was she, and so lovingly
 Did entertaine her lord,
 As fairer, or more faultless none
 Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and. 95
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less than that
His lady knew the same :
Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this device did frame : 100

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought
The foresayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge,
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, 105
And then did looke about her :
The guiltie houshold knowing her ;
Did wish themselves without her ;
Yet, for she look'd merrily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her. 110

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(Than blushing faifnes fairer)
Such beauty made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait ? 115
Thought she : and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempte,
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied, 120
Or of such yielding beauty baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she : and she thus declares
Her cause of coming thether ;
My lord, oft hunting in these partes, 125
Through travel, night, or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house ;
I thanke you for the same :
For why ? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game. 130

But, for you have not furniture
Beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe
To see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd, 135
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
She prayes them to have care 140
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair :

And, Damsell, quoth she, for it seemes
This houshold is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this 145
Shall chiefly rest on thee ;

Do me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more.
So tooke she horse, and ere she went,
Bestowed gould good store. 150

Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so ;
Who now return'd from far affaires,
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within 155
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things,
His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be 160
His proper goods, though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke ;
Sir, welcome home, quoth she, this night 165
For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such
His stuffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
Your love and lodging knowe : 170

Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse ;
I held it for your helthe, the house
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, 175
Your lordship loveth me ;
And greater hope to hold you such,
By quiet, than brawles you see.

Then for my duty, your delight,
 And to retaine your favour,
 All done, I did, and patiently
 Expect your wonted 'haviour. 180

Her patience, witte, and answer wrought,
 His gentle teares to fall ;
 When, kissing her a score of times,
 Amend, sweet wife, I shall :
 He said, and did it ; ' so each wife
 Her husband may ' recall. 188

THE
BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY.

[From the Pepys collection of old ballads.]

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir,
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5
Among the grass lye downe-a,
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir ; 10
My gown and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it ;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head, 15
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free,
Among the cocks of hay, sir ;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir. 20

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring,
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall ; 25
Fair chambers there are three, sir,
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir ; 30
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's halt they arriv'd strait,
'Twas moated round about-a ;
She slipped herself within the gate, 40
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir,
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir. 45

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And whet it upon his sleeve-a:
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a !

She drew a bodkin from her haire, 50
And whip'd it upon her gown-a :
And curst be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a !

A tree there is that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir, 50
The smallest dunghill cock that grows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a ;
He that wold not when he might, 55
He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather ;
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me ;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red, 65
And trembled at the stranger ;
How shall I guard my maidenhead,
From this approaching danger ?

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his rich attyer, 70
And cried, as I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented ;
And would no more disputing stand,
She had a plot invented. 75

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover,
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover. 80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the river's brink-a,
The lady push'd with all her might :
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in, 85
The bottom faire he sounded ;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Helpe, helpe, or else I'm drowned.

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu !
You see what comes of fooling : 90
This is the fittest place for you,
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her father's parke,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke, 95
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee :
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dard'st to jeer me. 100

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm,
With a young silly maid-a ;
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe ! he cry'd, 105
To tumble in, and leave me :
What if I had in the river dy'd ?—
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure ; 110
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir ;
Let me pull off both spur, and boot, 115
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance ;
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters ;
You shall not make of me your prey ;
Sit there, like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served soe, 125
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled ;
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir, 130
I'll send you my father's serving-men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle ;
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, 135
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a ;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a. 140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a :
I'll ride at once to her father's hall,
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard, 145
I'll challenge all her kindred ;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard,
My wrath shall no more he hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated : 150
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour ;
This water shall your fury 'swage, 155
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley :
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir ;
Therefore across the water come,
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive, 165
I scorn the treacherous bait-a ;
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir ; 170
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moatè I've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure :
Then step across to the other bank, 175
And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words he had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over ;
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke,
And sous'd the unhappy lover. 180

FAIR ROSAMOND.

MOST of the circumstances in this popular story of Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond, have been taken for fact by our historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

The death of Rosamond by poison, is doubtful. None of the old writers attribute it to that cause. (Stowe, indeed, mentions it as a slight conjecture.) They only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly, which probably had such an effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. She died in 1177. Rosamond's father (Walter Lord Clifford), having been a great benefactor to the nunnery at Godstow, where she had also resided in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle part of the choir, in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh, bishop of Lincoln ordered it to be removed.

Henry had two sons by Rosamond, William Longue-espée, earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, bishop of Lincoln.

[From a black letter copy in the Pepys collection.]

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5
Her favour and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde,
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each man's sight ; 10
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes,
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose 15
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinors *,
Was known a deadlye foe. 20

The king, therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

* Queen Eleanor was daughter and sole heiress of William duke of Guienne and Poictou, and had been married to Louis VII. sixteen years, at which period she attended him in a crusade to the Holy Land, but having lost the affection of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than wise, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which, by her marriage, she had annexed to the crown of France. Henry, then count of Anjou, though but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, married her in six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dower. A marriage thus founded upon interest, was not likely to be very happy. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy ; thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She survived Henry many years, and died in 1204.

Most curiously that bower was built 25
 Of stone and timber strong,
 An hundered and fifty doors
 Did to this bower belong *.

And they so cunninglye contrivd
 With turnings round about, 30
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out †.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave 35
 Unto a valiant knighte.

* Stowe describes it be "a house of wonderfull working ;
 " so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was
 " instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with
 " him touching the matter. This house after some was named
 " Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto
 " a knot in a garden, called a maze."

† Historians differ as to the manner by which the Queen
 gained admittance to Rosamond's bower. Hollingshed says,
 " that the queene found her out by a silken thread, which the
 " King had drawne after him out of his chamber with his foot,
 " and dealt with her in such shape and cruell wise, that she
 " lived not long after."—On the contrary, Speede tells us that
 the jealous queen found her out " by a clew of silke fallen
 " from Rosamond's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and sud-
 " denly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her
 " silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, re-
 " mained behinde; which the queene followed, till she had
 " found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so vented her
 " spleene, as the lady lived not long after." Our ballad maker,
 with probably as much truth, and certainly more ingenuity,
 tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight who
 was left to guard her bower.

But fortune that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile : 40

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king 45
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye ; 50
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye :

“ The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle :
My royal Rose, a thousand times 55
I bid thee nowe farewelle !

“ For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase. 60

“ But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt,
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.”

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe ;

65

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comelye face.

70

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile ;

75

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes,
Her bodye did embrace :

80

And twentye times, with waterye eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ? 85
The king did often say.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes,
Amonge your foes unkinde, 90
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde ?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare ;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your presence may enjoye,
No toil I will refuse ;
But wanting you, my life is death ;
Nay, death I'd rather chuse !

“ Content thy self, my dearest love, 105
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle,
For travell fits not thee.

“ Fair ladies brooke not bloodye warres,
Soft peace their sex delightes ; 110
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;
Gay feasts, not cruell fightes.

“ My Rose shall safelye here abide,
With musicke passe the daye ;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 115
My foes seeke far awaye.

“ My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte ;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 120

“ And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste,
To bee my love's defence ;
Be careful of my gallant Rose,
When I am parted hence.”

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, 125
As though his heart would breake ;
And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte 130
In heart be grieved sore :
After that day faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone ;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor 135
To Wodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knighte
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with steadfast eye 145
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde,
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee ; 150
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd, 155
For her offences all.

“ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,”
Faire Rosamonde did crye :
“ And lette mee not with poison stronge,
Enforced bee to dye. 160

“ I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

“ And for the fault which I have done, 165
Though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.”

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there 170
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene,
Therewith appeased bee :
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge, 175
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drinke ;
 Who tooke it in her hand,
 And from her bended knee arose,
 And on her feet did stand ; 180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle ;
 And drinking up the poison stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe,
 Had showde its greatest spite, 186
 Her chieftest foes did plaine confesse,
 She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb*,
 When life was fled away,
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
 As may be seen this day. 192

* The following inscription was placed on Rosamond's tomb.

" Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda :
 Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

In English thus.

" The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
 Is now here graven ; to whom beauty was lent :
 In this grave full darke now is her bowre,
 That by her life was sweet and redolent :
 But now that she is from this life blent,
 Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke :
 A mirror good for all men that on her thinke."

Stowe's An. Edit. 1635.

HARPALUS.

THIS beautiful pastoral, which is perhaps the first attempt at that species of poetry in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the earl of Surrey, published in 1557, ten years after this accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the capricious tyranny of Henry VIII. Though written before the "Shepherd's Calendar," this will be found far superior to any of those eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, simplicity of style, and every beauty of pastoral poetry.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre ;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde,
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5
Were herdmen both yfere ¹ :
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye,
For Harpalus to winne : 10
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst ² her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlandes make
Of cowslips, and of columbine, 15
And al for Corin's sake.

¹ Together.

² Regarded.

But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the field :
Of lovers lawe he tooke no cure ;
For once he was begilde ³. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost.
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25
And drye as clot of clay :
His fleshe it was consumed cleane ;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long been shave ;
His heare hong ⁴ all unkept ⁵ : 30
A man unfit even for the grave,
Whom spitefull love had shent ⁶.

His eyes were red, and all forewacht ⁷,
His face besprent ⁸ with teares :
It semde unhap had him long hatcht, 35
In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ;
As one forlorne was he ;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

³ Beguiled. ⁴ Hair hung. ⁵ Uncombed. ⁶ Shamed,
disgraced, abused. ⁷ Kept awake. ⁸ Besprinkled.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale ;
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus ! thus would he say ; 45
Unhappiest under sunne !
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke,
A tigre to make tame, 50
That settes not by thy love a leeke ;
But makes thy grief her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into a flame ;
As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carélesse ;
He leapes among the leaves ;
He eates the frutes of thy redresse ;
Thou reapst, he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your food refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde ;
Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastés wilde, 65
That here your pasture takes :
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithful makes.

The harte he feedeth by the hinde ;
The bucke harde by the doe ; 70
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her soe.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme,
The yong cowe hath the bulle :
The calf, with many a lusty lambe, 75
Do fede their hunger full.

But wel-a-way ! that nature wrought
Thee, Phylida, so faire ;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beautie all to deare. 80

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part ?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's hart ?

I see therefore to shape my death, 85
She cruelly is prest ;
To th' ende that I may want my breath :
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares ; 90
That she may feele within her brest,
The paines of my dispaire :

Of Corin who is carélesse,
That she may crave her fee :
As I have done in great distresse, 95
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slave;
 Her slave, and eke her thrall :
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave,
 This chaunce that is befall. 100

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
 “ By cruell love now slaine :
 “ Whom Phylida, unjustly thus,
 “ Hath murdred with disdaine.” 104

CUPID'S ASSAULT.

WRITTEN by Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who may be styled the *Surrey* of the court of Henry VII. He died in 1573.

[From the Earl of Surrey's "Poems," 1557.]

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
 Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;
 The batry was of such a sort,
 That I must yeeld, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall, 5
 How he is banner did display :
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to call :
 And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes, with teares besprent, 10
 In silver and sable to declare
 The stedfast love he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
In colours like to white and blacke,
With powder and with pelletes prest 15
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of poudre he spared not
Assault ! Assault ! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore ;
Eche pece discharged a lover's loke ;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne 25
The scaling ladders were upset,
And Beautie walked up and downe
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under 'his' targe ; 30
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And halberders with handy stroke ;
The argabushe in fleshe it lightes, 35
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is the souldiers use,
When shot and powder gins to want,
I handed up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my livés grant.

When Fanny thus had made her breche,
And Beautie entred with her band,
With bag and baggage, sely wretch,
I yelded unto Beautie's hand.

Then Beautie had to blow retrete,
And every souldier to retire, 45
And Mercye wyll'd with spede to set,
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madam, quoth I, sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes, 50
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

GILDEROY.

This personage, so celebrated in song, if we may credit the records of highwaymen, &c. lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, of whom many improbable stories are related. Thompson who, in his "Orpheus Caledonius," gives a copy of this ballad, assigns him a higher antiquity, and make him contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots. The following stanzas, which are given from the printed copies, seem to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contains some indecencies which required the pruning hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi garters hanging doune :
It was, I weene, a comely sight, 5
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose, 10
He never ware a highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes ;
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day, 15
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luvè each other. 20
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd with mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine, 25
Gude faith, I freely bought,
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy, 30
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi mickle joy we spent our time
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time, 35
Among the leaves sae green,
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy. 40

Oh ! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But ah ! his manfu heart was bent
To stir in feates of strife :
And he in many a venturous deed, 45
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik
 The tears they wat mine ee,
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benison gang wi' thee !
 God speed thee weil, my ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent sith we maun part, 55
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near
 Was fear'd in every toun ;
 And bauldly bare away the gear,
 Of many a lawland loun : 60
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws, 65
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare :
 Had not their laws been made so strick,
 I neir had lost my joy, 70
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giffe Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah ! what sair cruelty is this, 75
 To hang sike handsome men :
 To hang the flower of Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenborrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85
 He was sae trim a boy :
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy. 88

GENTLE HERDSMAN.

AT Walsingham, in Norfolk, was formerly an image of the Virgin, famous throughout Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it *, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus, who visited this shrine, says, that the rich offerings in gold, silver, and precious stones, shown him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other, paid a visit, or sent a present to our lady of Walsingham. At the dissolution of the monasteries, this splendid image was brought to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners.

GENTLE herdsman tell to me,
 Of curtesy I thee pray,
 Unto the towne of Walsingham,
 Which is the right and ready way.

* These pilgrimages, undertaken under the pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus. Thus, Langland, in his "Visions of Pierce Plowman," leads us to believe that in his time such intrigues were common :—

"Hermets on a heape, with hooked staves,
 "Wenten to Walsingham and her [their] wenches after."

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham 5
“ The way is hard for to be gone ;
“ And very crooked are those pathes,
“ For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never so ill, 10
It were not enough for mine offence ;
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“ Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
“ Thy witts are weak, thy thoughts are greene ;
“ Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15
“ For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldst thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye. 20

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes, and sexe doe differ farre :
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved and well-beloved ; 25
My wayward crueltie could kill :
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ; 30
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderlye he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proude his paine to see,
That I, who did not knowe my selfe, 35
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew so coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse my hand forsooth,
Unless I willed him soe to doe. 40

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pitied not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare, 45
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile beg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I faste and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye; 50
And get me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I the pray;
Unto the towne of Walsingham, 55
Show me the right and ready way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
“ For he must ever guide thee still :
“ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
“ And soe, fair pilgrim, fare thee well !

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNEEL.

The burthen of this simple little elegy, "Ding Dong, &c." is at present chiefly appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader : but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine ærial dirge in the "Tempest."

There is no doubt but the writer intended to conclude this air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

[From the "Golden Garland of Princely Delights."]

MY Phyllida, adieu, love !
For evermore farewell !
Ay, me ! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5
My Phyllida is dead !
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phyllida
Our bridal bed was made : 10
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding dong, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obsequies are ended 15
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding dong, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
 By youths, that do excell :
 And when that she is buried,
 I thus will ring her knell. 20
 Ding dong, &c.

A garland shall be framed
 By art and nature's skill,
 Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
 In token of good-will * :
 Ding dong, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands 25
 On it I will bestow ;
 But chiefly blacke and yellowe †
 With her to grave shall go.
 Ding dong, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen ; 30
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keep them fresh and green.
 Ding dong, &c.

* It is customary in many parts of England to carry a garland before the corpse of a woman, who dies unmarried. In some parts of the north, particularly in Cumberland, a bouquet is placed in the passage of the house where the funeral happens to be, from which each invited person takes a flower on his entrance, and proceeds with it to the grave. After the funeral ceremony, the flowers are thrown on the coffin of the departed as a testimony of regard and affection.

† Hall, in his "Chronicle" mentions, that when Queen Catharine, Henry VIII's first wife died, "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware yellowe for the mourning." When this unfortunate princess lost her head in the same year, "on the Ascension-day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte."

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art, 35
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.
Ding dong, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,— 40
Here lies the loveliest maiden,
That e'er gave shepheard care.
Ding dong, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede, 45
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phyllida is dead.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phyllida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head. 51

UNFADING BEAUTY,

By Thomas Carew, esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his Majesty [Charles I.] This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, died in the prime of his age, in 1369.

[Printed from Carew's Poems.]

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintain his fires ;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I despise,
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

THE ladies are indebted to the Pepys collection for the following notable documents, where the original is preserved in black letter, and is intitled, "A looking glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women.—Tune, Queen Dido, or Troy Town."

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
And lords in armour bright were seen;
When many a gallant lost his life
About fair Hellen, beauties queen;
Ulysses, general so free, 5
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
That he would to the warres of Troy;
For grief she shed full many a tear,
At parting from her only joy; 10
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly say,
The time is come that we must part, 15
My honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my absence, dearest, be
My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
Than to my lord I true remain ; 20
My honour shall not be betrayd
Until I see my love again ;
For I will ever constant prove,
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
And to the ships his way he took ; 25
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear ;
Still casting many a longing look :
She saw him on the surges glide,
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd : 30

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,
And rulest in the ocean main,
My loving lord in safety keep
Till he return to me again ;
That I his person may behold, 35
To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
Were all convey'd out of her sight ;
Her cruel fate she then bewails,
Since she had lost her hearts delight : 40
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,
True virtue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
My charity I will extend ;
Since for my woe there is no cure, 45
The helpless now I will befriend :
The widow and the fatherless
I will relieve when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
 In doing good to every one; 50
 Her fame was noised every where,
 To young and old the same was known;
 No company that she would mind,
 Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55
 'Mongst Trojans, hazarding his life;
 Young gallants hearing of her name,
 Came flocking for to tempt his wife:
 For she was lovely, young, and fair,
 No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
 They did endeavour her to win:
 With banquets and the choicest wine,
 For to allure her unto sin:
 Most persons were of high degree, 65
 Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,
 Their wanton suits she did deny;
 No tempting charms could e'er deface
 Her dearest husband's memory; 70
 But constant she would still remain,
 Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her daily comfort was,
 And that she often did peruse;
 She seldom looked in her glass; 75
 Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
 I wish all ladies were as free
 From pride as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
 And likewise in her spinning wheel; 80
 Her maids about her every night
 Did use the distaff and the reel :
 The spiders that on rafters twine,
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss 85
 And absence of her dearest love :
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
 Her fortune on the waves to prove.
 I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
 He stays so from Penelope. 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy
 Did end : in flames the city burn'd ;
 And to the Grecians was great joy,
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd :
 Then came Ulysses home to see 95
 His constant dear Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad
 When she her lord again had seen,
 Thrice welcome home, my dear, she said,
 A long time absent thou hast been : 100
 The wars shall never more deprive
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies, all example take,
 And hence a worthy lesson learn,
 All youthful follies to forsake,
 And vice from virtue to discern :
 And let all women strive to be,
 As constant as Penelope. 108

DULCINA.

THIS song is quoted as very popular in Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler," and was written prior to Charles II.'s time. The fourth stanza is evidently written by a modern hand.

[From an ancient MS. in the Pepys collection.]

As at noone Dulcina rested
In her sweete and shady bower;
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lappe to sleep an hour.
But from her looke 5
A wounde he tooke,
So deepe, that for a further boone
The nymphe he prays:
Whereto she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 10

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence see;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lippes invite, 15
And eyes delight,
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
What boots to say,
Foregoe me now, come to me soone? 20

- He demands what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now :
 She sayes, night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day doth not allow.
 He sayes, the sight 25
 Improves delight ;
 Which shee denies : nights mirkie noone
 In Venus' playes
 Makes bold, she sayes ;
 Foregoe me now, come to mee soone. 30
- But what promise or profession
 From his hands could purchase scope ?
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beautye for a hope ?
 Or for the sight 35
 Of lingering night
 Foregoe the present joyes of noone ?
 Though ne'er soe faire
 Her speeches were,
 Foregoe me now, come to mee soone. 40
- How at last, agreed these lovers ?
 Shee was fayre, and he was young ;
 The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers ;
 Joys unseene are never sung.
 Did shee consent, 45
 Or hee relent ;
 Accepts hee night, or grants shee noone ;
 Left he her mayd,
 Or not ; she sayd
 Foregoe me now, come to mee soone. 50



SECTION III.—COMIC, POLITICAL, AND SATIRICAL.

RICHARD OF ALEMAIGNE.

THIS ancient libel on government was written by one of the adherents of Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264.

This admirable satire shews that the liberty assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of long standing.

To render it intelligible to the reader it is necessary to state, that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard king of the Romans, £30,000 to procure a peace, upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies.

[Copied from a very old MS. in the British Museum.]

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me,
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,

Ant so he dude more.

5

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,¹
Tricthen² shalt thou never more.³

¹ Treacherous. ² Deceive.

³ In this stanza the above sum of thirty thousand pounds

Richard of Alemaigne whil that he was kying,
 He spende al is tresour upon swyvyng,
 Haveth he nout of Walingford⁴ oferlyng, 10
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng⁵,
 Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
 He saisede the mulne for a castel, 15
 With hare sharpe swerdes⁶ he grounde the stel,
 He wende that the sayles were mangonel⁷,
 To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever⁸, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host, 20
 Makede him a castel of a mulne post⁹,
 Wend with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
 Brohte from Alemaigne mony sori gost
 To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever¹, &c. 25

is alluded to, but with the misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to be the demand of the king's brother.

⁴ Richard, with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Comte de Provence, in 1243.

⁵ Mischief to drink.

⁶ Their sharp swords.

⁷ An engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c. before the invention of gunpowder.

⁸ This stanza very humourously alludes to some fact which history has not deemed worthy to record. Richard possessed some large water mills near Isleworth, which had been plundered by the Londoners: in these, perhaps, by way of defence, he had lodged a party of soldiers.

⁹ A mill post.

¹ Richard, who had gone to take possession of his dignity, on being elected king of the Romans in 1256, was, in the year

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne ²;
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne ³,

For love of Wyndesore. 30

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to is yn ⁴,
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn, 35

To help of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys fot,
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot :
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot, 40
Shulde he never more with his sot pot

To help Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,

Trichthen shalt thou never more ⁵. 44

1259, about to return into England. The barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing foreigners with him to overrun the kingdom, on which he was obliged to dismiss all his followers, being threatened by the barons with an opposition to his landing.

² The writer here regrets the escape of John earl of Warrenne. This nobleman, and Hugh Bigot, the king's justiciary, escaped into France, after the fatal battle of Lewes. In the following stanzas it is plainly insinuated, that if they fell into De Montfort's hands again, they should never more return home. This circumstance fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 these two noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendancy.

³ Bore them hence.

⁴ Home.

⁵ This satirical ballad will rise in importance with the reader, when he finds that it occasioned a law in our statute book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people."

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

THE sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It engrossed the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII.; the sudden change it underwent in the three succeeding reigns, within so short a space as twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring popery and growing protestantism, could not but interest every one: accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the old and new profession had their respective ballad-makers, and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetry, yet this ballad of Luther and the Pope is not altogether devoid of spirit. It is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained, especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner becoming the spirit and courage of that bold and vigorous reformer.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the stage itself teemed with polemic divinity. Two very ancient plays were published, one in the reign of Henry VIII. called "Every Man;" the other in the time of Edward VI. entitled "Lusty Juventus." In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions: in the other, the author with great success attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it—a supplement to the pulpit.

[Printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.]

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence :
For they thorowe a false pretens 5
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our flayles coude get,
To kepe our house, and servauntes ; 10
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the marchauntes ;
And thus they with theyr false warrantes,
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe ;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe : 20
But now we husbandmen do knowe
All their subtelye, and their false easte ;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres :
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse ; 30
As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lorde,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre ;
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire ;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this pen that thou seyste here :
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shyld, and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde ; 46
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion, 50
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;
For blamyng me, and my condicion, 55
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it; 65
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,
That will not obey my auctorite. 70
With this sworde I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
 Sent from Christes hye vicary,
 To graunt pardon to more, and sume, 75
 That wil Luther resist strongly :
 He is a greate hereticke treuly,
 And regardeth to much the scripture ;
 For he thinketh only thereby
 To subdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this pardon devoutely,
 And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;
 Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
 For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :
 And this be sure, that at one flyghte, 85
 Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
 Ye shall to heaven go with great myghte ;
 God can make you no resistance.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
 Shall go down to hel every one ; 90
 For they have not the pope's blessinge,
 Nor regarde his holy pardon :
 They thinke from all destruction
 By Christes blond, to be saved,
 Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
 Therefore shall they al be dampned. 96

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

WHILE in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked by logical argument or stinging satire, the zeal of the Scottish reformers led them to employ their rhymes in a more licentious manner. Ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most beautiful hymns in the Latin service. "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies," designed to ridicule the popish clergy is one of those metamorphosed hymns: "Maggie Lauder" was another: "John Anderson" was a third. The original music of these burlesqued songs is very fine. As a specimen of their manner we insert one of the least offensive.

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOMAN. Cummer,
I hae five.

MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOMAN.
Na, Cummer, na;
For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wallie was
awa'.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN.

WE are indebted for this song to the facetious bishop Corbet. He held the see of Oxford about three years, and afterwards that of Norwich, about the same time, and died in 1635, aged 52. It was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

{Copied from a MS. in the possession of the late bishop Percy.}

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college? 5
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel¹ 10
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation,
Boldly I preach, &c.

¹ Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.

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MAN. Are they to zour awingude man? WOMAN.
Na, Cummer, na;
For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wallie was
awa'.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40
 With the lance of Inspiration ;
 I made her stink,
 And spill the drink
 In her cup of abomination.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45
 With a flying book² between them.
 I have been in despair
 Five times in a year,
 And been cur'd by reading Greenham.³
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkins⁴ tables 50
 The black line of damnation ;
 Those crooked veins
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55
 I plac'd my chiefest pleasure :
 Till I prick'd my foot
 With an Hebrew root,
 That I bled beyond all measure.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

² Alluding to a visionary exposition of Zechariah, c. 25 v. 1 or probably to a strange enthusiast of the name of Cappe whose life may be seen in Anthony à Wood's Athen. vol. 2 p. 505. He was author of a book intitled "The fiery flying Roll:" He afterwards published a recantation, part of which title is "The fiery flying Roll's wings clipt," &c.

³ Alluding to the tract in Greenham's works called "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience."

⁴ This man published in his works sheet containing "A

I appear'd before the archbishop ⁵, 60
And all the high commission,

I gave him no grace,

But told him to his face,

That he favour'd superstition. 64

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,

Mitres, copes, and rochets :

Come hear me pray nine times a day,

And fill your heads with crochets.

survey, or table declaring the order of the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad zig-zag line. A similar table is to be found in one of John Bunyan's early published works.

Land.

LILLI BURLERO.

THE following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little to the Revolution in 1688.

It was written on James II.'s nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a violent papist, who had recommended himself to him by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations. The violences of his administration may be seen in bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland."

Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?

Lilli burlero bullen a-la,

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

4

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho ! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote :

Lilli burlero bullen a-la,

And he will cut all de English troate,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

10

Lero lero, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what :

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

15

Lero lero, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 20
 Lero lero, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 And with brave lads is coming aboard,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 25
 Lero, lero, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 Dat dey will have no protestant heir,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 30
 Lero, lero, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 35
 Lero lero, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 And we shall have commissions gillore,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 40
 Lero lero, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
 Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
 Lilli burlero bullen a-la. 45
 Lero lero, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

50

Lero lero, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and a dog ¹,"

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

55

Lero lero, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

For Talbot's de dog and Ja**s is de ass.

Lilli burlero bullen a-la ².

60

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

¹ The dog is the armorial bearing of the Talbots.

² These words were the watch-words used among the Irish catholics in their massacre of the protestants in 1641.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

FROM the Scottish phrases which occasionally occur in this old ballad, it is probable that it was written beyond the Tweed. The heir of Linne appears to have been what is called a *Laird*, whose title went with the estate, and not a lord of parliament.

[Copied from an old MS.]

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne :
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, 5
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead, him free,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drink and revell every night, 10
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, 15
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he mun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both golde and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of golde Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
 My lande nowe take it unto thee : 30
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a gods-pennie¹ ;
 But for every pounce that John agreed, 35
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the golde upon the board;
 He was right glad his land to winne :
 The land is mine, the golde is thine,
 And nowe Ile be the lord of Linne. 40

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight; 45
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande soe broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold soe free.

¹ Earnest-money.

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend; 50
For when all the world frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde;
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee².

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse.
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white monèy.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne, 65
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care? 70
He borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his golde away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

² Mote he thee. i. e. May he thrive.

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Now well-away, and woe is me!
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door,
 I wis it were a brenning shame:
 To rob and steal it were a sinne,
 To worke, my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, 85
 For there my father bade me wend;
 When all the world shold frown on mee,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe, 5
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles;
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke,
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe; 10
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed;
 Nought save a rope with renning noose, 15
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plain to see :
“ Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie ? 20

All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend :
Let it now shield thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, 25
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne ;
His heart, I wis, was neare to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame, and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three : 30
“ This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee.”

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie :
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine, 35
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd. 40

He took the bill and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there :
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in fere³.

³ In company.

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45
The third was full of white monèy :
And over them in broad-letters,
These words were written so plaine to see :

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;
Amend thy life and follies past ; 50
For, but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;
And let it bee, but if I amend :
For here I will make mine avow, 55
This reade⁴ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne,
Away he went with a merry cheare ;
I wis he neither stint ne stayd,
Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked hee ;
There sate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne, 65
To John o' the Scales then louted hee :
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty-pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thrifless loone ;
Away, away, this may not bee : 70
For Christs curse, on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

⁴ Advice, counsel.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he,
Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no alms of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel⁵ heere,
The first we wold begin with thee. 80

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turne againe thou heire of Linne,
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companee : 90
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe :
Now, Christs curse on my head, he sayd, 95
But I did lose by that bargaine :

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes than I had it of thee⁶.

⁵ A worthless sorry fellow.

⁶ This passage strongly corroborates the supposition of this

I draw you to record, lords, he said,
 With that he gave him a gods-pennie :
 Now, by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
 And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of golde, 105
 And layd them down upon the bord :
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
 So shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle dinne, 110
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend me :
 Now Ime againe the lord of Linne, 115
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales :
 Now welladay ! woe is my life !
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, said the heire of Linne,
 Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee,
 When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee. 124

story being of Scottish origin. A verbal promise, before a witness, in that country being equivalent, in law, to a bond. Thus, if a man, inadvertently, promises marriage to a woman, the law holds him to be *bona fide* her husband, and will compel him to live with her, or allow her a maintenance as his wife. So the offer of John o' the Scales, when made, could not be rescinded.

KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

THIS story was of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the "Art of Englysh Poesie, 1589," speaks of it as a fact.

[From the Pepys collection.]

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day, 10
When he was ware of a bold tannèr
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cowe-hide, 15
And a mare of four shilling ¹.

¹ In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will, dated March 7, 1466; among many other bequeste has this, "Also I will that my sounne Thomas of Torboke have 4d. to buy him an horse." Har. Cat. 2176.27. If 13s. 4d. would purchase a horse fit for a gentleman, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four shillings.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye. 20

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,
'Thou art welcome, sir,' sayd hee.
"The readiest waye to Drayton Basset,
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

'To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand.'

"That is an unreadye waye," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see: 30
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with me."

'Awaye with a vengeance!' quoth the tanner,
'I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare, 35
And I am fasting yett.'

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare." 40

'Gramercye for nothing,' the tanner replyde,
'Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.'

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king, 45

"And send them well to priefe."

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

'What art thou', hee sayde, 'thou fine fellowe,
Of thee I am in great feare, 50
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe,
Might besee me a lord to weare.'

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."
'Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55
And standest in midds of thy goode.'

"What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?"
'I heare no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cove-hides are deare.' 60

"Cove-hides! cove-hides! what things are those;
I marvell what they bee?"
'What art thou a foole?' the tanner reply'd;
'I carry one under mee.'

"What craftsman art thou," said the king, 65
"I praye thee tell me trowe."
'I am a barker, sir, by my trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth he, 70
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunnings for to learne."

‘ Marrye, heaven forfend,’ the tanner replyde,
‘ That thou my prentise were :
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne,
By fortye shilling a yere.’ 76

“ Yet one thinge wold I,” sayd our king,
“ If thou wilt not seeme strange ;
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.” 80

‘ Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my body, thou proude fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee.’

“ That were against reason,” sayd the king, 85
“ I swear, so mote I thee :
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.”

‘ Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare : 90
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wis,
Aye skipping here and theare.’

“ What boote wilt thou have ?” our king reply’d ;
“ Now tell me in this stound.”
‘ Noe pence nor halfpence, by my faye, 95
But a noble in gold so round.’

“ Here’s twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou will have it of mee.”
‘ I would have sworne now,’ quoth the tanner,
‘ Thou hadst not had one penniè. 100

‘ But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.’

“ I will not have it,” sayd the kynge, 105
“ I sweare, so mote I thee ;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.”

The tanner hee took his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt ; 110
And threwe it upon the king’s sadelle,
That was so fayrelye gilte.

‘ Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
’Tis time that I were gone ;
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife, 115
Sheel say I am a gentilmon.’

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;
The tanner a f***t let fall.
“ Nowe marrye, good fellowe,” sayd the kyng,
“ Thy courtesye is but small.” 120

When the tanner he was in the kinge’s sadelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was ;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
And eke the blacke cowe-horne ;
He stamped and stared, and away he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast: 130
At length the tanner came tumbling downe,
His necke he had well-nye brast.

‘ Take thy horse again with a vengeance,’ he sayd,
‘ With me he shall not byde.’
“ My horse wold have borne thee well enoughe ; 135
But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.

“ Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee.” 140

‘ What boote wilt thou have,’ the tanner replyd,
‘ Nowe tell me in this stounde ?’
“ Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound.”

‘ Here’s twentye groates out of my purse ; 145
And twentye I have of thine :
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine.’

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille : 150
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

‘ Nowe, out alas !’ the tanner he cryde,
‘ That ever I sawe this daye ! 155
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes,
Will beare my cove-hide away.

- "They are no thieves," the king replyde,
"I sweare, soe mote I thee :
But they are the lords of the north countreÿ,
Here come to hunt with mee." 160
- And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the ground :
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounce.
- "A collar, a collar², here," sayd the kyng, 165
A collar he loud did crye :
Then woulde he lever than twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.
- 'A collar, a collar,' the tanner he sayd,
'I trowe it will breed sorrowe ; 170
After a collar comes a halter,
And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.'
- "Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
I wote no halter thou shalt weare, 175
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.
- For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside :
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cove-hide." 180
- 'Gramercye, my liege,' the tanner replyde,
'For the favour thou hast me showne ;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen. 184

² A collar was formerly used in conferring the ceremony of knighthood. Or, it is probable the king used the French word *Acoller*, meaning to give the *acollade*, or blow, that was to dub him a knight. This the tanner ignorantly mistakes for a collar.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

TRADITION assures us this song was written by James V. of Scotland. This prince, whose character bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II. was notorious for strolling about his dominions, disguised as a *tinkler*, beggar, &c. He has recorded two adventures of this kind: The following, and another entitled the "Jolly Beggar." The latter is too licentious to be admitted into this collection: "Christ's Kirk on the Green," is also attributed to this monarch by Bishop Tanner; but it bears evident marks of being the production of an earlier age. James V. died in 1542, aged 33.

THE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee,
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
 Will ze lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat, 5
 And down azont the ingle he sat;
 My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie, 10
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!
 And I wad nevir think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken,
 What thir slee twa together were say'n, 15
 When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou sould gang; 20
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths, 30
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away
She clapt her hands, cryd, dulefu' day! 35
For some of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She dancid her lane, cryd, praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the dochter lay, 45
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife can say,
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And hast ze, find these traitors agen ; 50
 For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
 The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang, nor yet could she sit, 55
 But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
 Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang. 60
 The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.
 My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge ;
 And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70
 To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75

The gaberlunzie to carrie...o.
 I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,
 A cripple or blind they will cau me :
 While we sall sing and be merrie...o. 80

PLAIN TRUTH AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

THIS excellent old ballad is preserved in a little ancient miscellany, intitled "The Garland of Goodwill." It will be perceived that Ignorance is made to speak in the Somersetshire dialect, who is represented as a partizan of declining popery, whose advocates could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and the loss of their craft. The scene is probably Glastonbury Abbey, which appears to have surpassed in magnificence any other in Europe. The revenues of the abbey were 40,000*l.* a year! an immense sum prior to the dissolution. It is stated, that the land round, far as the eye could reach, belonged to it, besides seven deer parks. It was walled round a mile in compass, and was rated in the king's books at 700*l.* a year more than the archbishopric of Canterbury, and 2000*l.* a year more than the bishopric of Durham. The abbot had the title of lord, and sat among the barons in parliament. It was governed successively by sixty-one abbots for a period of 600 years. Richard Whiting, the last abbot, with two of his monks, were hung, drawn, and quartered for refusing to surrender the demesne to Henry VIII. Among the delusions which used to attract pilgrims to this shrine, it was believed that a thorn, near the building, flowered always on Christmas Day.

TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
And that you keep such gazing,
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

5

IGNORANCE.

Chill ¹ tell thee, by my vazen ²,
 That zometimes che³ have knowne 10
 A vair and goodly abbey,
 Stand here of bricke and stone ;
 And many a holy vrier,
 As ich⁴ may say to thee,
 Within these goodly cloysters 15
 Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
 In truthe and veritie,
 A sorte of greater hypocrites,
 Thou couldst not likely see.
 Deceiving of the simple, 20
 With false and feigned lies :
 But such an order truly,
 Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah ! ah ! che zmall thee now, man ; 25
 Che know well what thou art ;
 A vellow of mean learning,
 Thee was not worth a vart.
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then ; 30
 And every thing was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

¹ I will. ² Faith. ³ I. ⁴ I.

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes 35
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry, sayd the people,
And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes 40
Unto the queen of heav'n.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate 45
Was zold vor vourteen pence ;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe ;
.And this che zay, my zelf have zeen,
And yet ich am no Jewe. 50

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible,
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine ; 55
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde :
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine, 60
 And choul'd ⁵ that well ye knewe,
 Ich care not for the bible booke;
 Tis too big to be true.
 Our blessed ladyes psalter
 Zhall for my money goe; 60
 Zuch pretty prayers as there bee,
 The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our lady,
 Or Romish saint we reade:
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was, 70
 And not by simple persons,
 As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham ⁶ zure they were not voolishe,
 That made the masse, che trow ⁷:
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75
 And vools no Latine know.
 Were not our vathers wise men?
 And they did like it well;
 Who very much rejoyced
 To heare the zacring bell ⁸. 80

⁵ I would. ⁶ I am. ⁷ I believe.

⁸ Sacring bell. A little bell rung at the celebration of mass,
 to give notice of the elevation of the host.

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see :
For what art thou the better
A Latine song to heare,
And understandest nothing
That they sing in the quiere. 85

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in :
And then to see the rood-loft⁹
Zo bravely zet with zaints ;—
But now to zee them wandring,
My heart with zorrow vaints. 95

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should yourself betake :
The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile ;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile. 100

⁹ The place in the church where the images of the saints were set up.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame ¹ ,	105
Was a pure and holy zaint,	
And many men in pilgrimage	
Did zheue to her complaint;	
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket ² ,	
And many other moe;	110
The holy Maid of Kent ³ likewise	
Did many wonders zhowe.	

¹ See p. 66.

² This turbulent and ambitious priest was Archbishop of Canterbury. Three courtiers, to ingratiate themselves with Henry, took advantage of a moment of petulance, and proceeded to Canterbury, where they found Becket at his devotions before the high altar, they assailed him with their weapons, and presently dispatched him. He was afterwards canonized, and miracles were said to be wrought at his tomb. So numerous were the pilgrimages made to his shrine, that marks are still visible in the stone, worn by the knees of the devotees who visited it. Its riches, which were immense, were seized by Henry VIII.

³ Elizabeth Barton, commonly called the *Holy Maid of Kent*, lived in the reign of Henry VIII. She had been subject to fits in her infancy, and in these trances uttered incoherencies which the bigotted populace pronounced to be derived from the Holy Ghost. Masters and Bocking, two cunning priests, encouraged the delusion of the populace. Their design was at first to raise the credit of an image of the Virgin, which stood in a chapel belonging to Masters, and to draw to it such pilgrimages as usually frequented the more famous images and reliques. In prosecution of this design, Elizabeth pretended revelations, which directed her to have recourse to that image for a cure, and being brought before it, in the presence of a great multitude, she fell anew into convulsions, and after distorting her limbs and countenance during a competent time, she affected to

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
 To your profession sure ;
 And to the men who made them 115
 So precious and so pure ;
 The one for being a traytoure
 Met an untimely death ;
 The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath. 120

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille :
 But zure they did much goodnesse ;
 Would they were with us stille !
 We had our holy water, 125
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw before our eyes.

have obtained a perfect recovery by the intercession of the virgin. The priests finding their imposture succeed, began to extend their views, and taught their penitent to exclaim against Lutheranism, which she denominated heresy ; against innovations in ecclesiastical government, and against Henry's divorce from Catharine. These proceedings at last attracted the notice of the king, who caused Elizabeth and her accomplices to be arrested. They were examined in the Star Chamber where they made a confession of their guilt. Elizabeth, with six others, suffered for their crime, April 21, 1536, and several were imprisoned for their connivance in the imposture.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
With vain and empty showe, 130
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe :
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see,
That headlong to damnation 135
They always trained thee.

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee : 140
Believing in the gospel,
And passion of his zon,
And with the zubtil papistes
Ich have for ever done. 144

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

THIS ballad is abridged and modernized from one much older, entitled "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." The language would lead us to suppose it to be about the era of James I. The archness and wit of the questions and answers seem to have been much admired by our old ballad-mongers, for there are three on the same subject extant: and during the civil wars some puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop," with this severe moral:—

**"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."**

[From a black-letter copy, to the tune of "Derry down,"]

**AN ancient story Ile tell you anon,
Of a notable prince that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.**

And He tell you a story, a story so merrye, **5**
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode post for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne, 15
I feare thou work'st treason against my crowne.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere¹,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere². 20

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about; 30
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40.

¹ Hurt, mischief.

² Goods, stuff.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbott, of comfort so cold, 45
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What newes do you bring us from good king John ?

“ Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live : 50
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie,

“ The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so faire on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth, 55
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“ The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.” 60

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answe're your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65
I am as like your lordship as ever may be³ :
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

³ See the ballad of John Anderson, in which the dissolute lives of the Monks is noticed. The writer probably meant to

" Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave; 70
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three, 75
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
 With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth? 80

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
 Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke thou art one penny worse than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel⁴, 85
 I did not think I had been worth so littel!
 Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride this whole world about?

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth againe; 90
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

infer that the abbot and shepherd were children of the same father. It is related of that libertine monarch Charles II. that being in a distant part of England, he met a country-lad of whom he inquired his way. Struck with the resemblance to himself, he asked him if his *mother* was ever at court? 'No,' replied the lad, '*but my father was!*'

⁴ Quere. St. Botolph:

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

“ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry,
You thinke I’m the abbot of Canterbury;
But I’m his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse, 101
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
“ Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.”

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou goest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king
John.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

THE learned editor of the "Specimens of Welsh Poetry" observes, that this story is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfron, one of king Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman.

The trial of the horn is not peculiar to the writer of this ballad. It occurs in the old romance of the "*Morte Arthur*," from which romance Ariosto is supposed to have borrowed his tale of the "Enchanted Cup." In the "*Morte Arthur*," the horn is sent by a knight to king Arthur; this "horne had" such a virtue that there might no ladye or gentlewoman "drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if she were false she would spill all the drinke, and if shee were true to her lorde, she might drinke peaceably: and because of queen Guenever, and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto king Arthur." The horn is intercepted, and brought to another king, named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes "his queene drinke thereof, and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but foure ladyes of all those that drank cleane;" of which number the said queen proves not to be one.

IN Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon, 10
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with seemely courtesy, 15
He did king Arthur greet.

“ God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre,
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre. 20

“ Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
Should prove a cankred weed.”

Then straitway from his bosome 25
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape, and hew.

“ Now have thou here, king Arthur,
Have thou here of mee, 30
And give unto thy comely queen,
All shapen as you see.

“ No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame.”
Then every knight in Arthur's court 35
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye.
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue, 50
" Beshrew me," quoth king Arthur,
" I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay ;
But storming like a fury, 55
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought ;
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought. 60

" I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree :
Than here, base king, among thy grooms,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65

And bade her to come near :

“ Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear.”

This lady, pertly gigling,

With forward step came on,

And boldly to the little boy

With fearless face is gone. 70

When she had tane the mantle,

With purpose for to wear :

It shrunk up to her shoulder,

And left her b***side bare. 75

Then every merry knight

That was in Arthur's court,

Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,

To see that pleasant sport. 80

Down she threw the mantle,

No longer bold or gay,

But with a face all pale and wan,

To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight, 85

A pattering o'er his creed ;

And proffer'd to the little boy

Five nobles to his meed ;

“ And all the time of Christmass

Plumb-porridge shall be thine,

If thou wilt let my lady fair

Within the mantle shine.” 90

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure, and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace does goe. 95

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin. 100

Ah ! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead ;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle
With terror and dismay,
And with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hied away. 105

Sir Cradock call'd his lady
And bade her to come neare ;
“ Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here. 110

“ Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine.” 115

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone. 120

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

“ Lie still,” she cryed, “ O mantle,
And shame me not for nought,
I’ll freely own whate’er amiss
Or blameful I have wrought : ” 125

“ Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green-wood tree ;
Once I kist Sir Cradocke’s mouth
Before he married mee.” 130

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold. 135

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone :
And much the knights in Arthur’s court,
Admir’d her every one. 140

Then towards king Arthur’s table
The boy he turn’d his eye,
Where stood a boar’s-head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o’er the boar’s-head, 145
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, “ There’s never a cuckold’s knife,
Can carve this head of brawne.”

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone ; 150
Some threwe them under the table
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of steel and iron made ;
And in an instant thro' the skull 155
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast ;
And every knight in Arthur's court,
A morsel had to taste. 160

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim :
Said he, " No cuckolde ever can
Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little horne 165
Lift fairly to his head ;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh ; 170
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to bit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man :
But Cradock lifted easily, 175
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed :
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spiteful say,
Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the price away.

“ See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herself so clean :
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been. 185

“ Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
Have her lewd pillow prest :
Yet she the wonderous prise forsooth
Must beare from all the rest.” 190

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold :
“ Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold : 195

“ Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free ;
Sir king, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee. 200

All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne ;
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's horne.”

WHY SO PALE.

By Sir John Suckling. This sprightly knight was cut off by a fever in the 29th year of his age.

When the Scotch covenanters rose in arms in 1639, Sir John raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred that it cost him 12,000*l*. This made the king remark, "that the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishman's fine clothes:" which remark was justified by the event.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prethee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prethee, why so pale?

5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prethee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing doe't?

Pretheo, why so mute?

10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her!

15

THE AULD GOOD MAN.

[From the "Tea Table Miscellany."]

LATE in an evening forth I went
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident
To light on a battle new begun :
A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife, 5
I canna weel tell ye how it began ;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
Cryeng, Evir alake, mine auld goodman !

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born, 10
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn :
For he did spend and make an end
Of gear his fathers never wan ;
He gart the poor stand frae the door, 15
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake ! is liken to break,
Whan I think on my winsome John,
His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone ; 20

Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And skin as white as ony swan,
 He was large and tall, and comely withall;
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein, 25
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant:
 Of houshold stuff thou hast enough;
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan; 30
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 Whan I and he, together ley 35
 In armes into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep;
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman. 40

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae longer stay.
 Then up he gat, and ran his way, 45
 I trowe, the wife the day she wan;
 And aye the owreword of the fray
 Was, Evir alake! mine auld goodman.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

THIS humorous song, which appears to have been written about the latter end of the seventeenth century, is to old metrical romances what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad seems local, so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of knowing the particular facts to which they allude. The common received account is, that it relates to a contest at law between an overgrown Yorkshire attorney, and a neighbouring gentleman. The former had stripped three orphans of their inheritance, and by his encroachments and rapacity was become a nuisance to the whole county; when the latter generously espoused the cause of the oppressed, and gained a complete victory over his antagonist, who from vexation broke his heart.

[From the Pepys collection.]

OLD stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a;
But he had a club, this dragon to drub, 5
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye;
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

**This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.**

He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough, as any buff, 15
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse,
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye, 20
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup, he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat, 25
Some say he did eat up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houses and churches, were to him geese and
turkies;
He eat all, and left none behind, 30
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not
crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well:
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it.
Oh there and then, was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it. 40

Some say this dragon was a witch,
Some say, he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough, 45
In a well that he did stand by;
Which made it look, just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring; 50
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing;
By the tail, and the main, with his hands twain
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise: 60
Oh save us all, More of More-Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a
rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want; 65
But I want, I want in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen;
And smiles about the mouth;

Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning; 90
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went, new armour to 75
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er
Some five or six inches long. 80

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all, 85
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses, 90
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
•To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well; 100

Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh !
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
Thou disturb'st me in my drink :
And then he turn'd, and f * * at him ;
Good lack how he did stink !
Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam ; 110
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse, 115
He knew not what to think :
By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see ?
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to't ;
And the word it was, hey, boys, hey ! 120

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand ;
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small. • 125
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground ;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake, 130
 The dragon gave him a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars, 135
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the a***.

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing 140
 Out of his throat of leather;
 More of More-Hall! () thou rascàl!
 Would I had seen thee never;
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my
 a*** gut,
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder! the dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but mist that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shook, trembled and quaked,
 And down he laid and cry'd;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kickt, f***, and dy'd.



SECTION IV.—CHIVALRIC AND BATTLE SUBJECTS

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

PEREGRINE BERTIE, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, distinguished himself in 1586 at the siege of Zutphen, and was afterwards made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, which gave him many opportunities of signalizing his courage and skill against the Spaniards. One of these probably is the subject of this ballad. The facts are no doubt greatly exaggerated. This nobleman died in 1601. He was an independent man and a great soldier.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field :
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three ;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbey.

- The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee ; 10
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then, 15
Upon the bloody shore.
- Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about :
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out : 20
You musquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the formost man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbey.
- And then the bloody enemy, 25
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail :
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see, 30
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbey.
- For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew, 35
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And beating up their colours, 45
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ; 50
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour 55
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay, 60
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey,
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky. 70
God, and St. George for England !
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told 75
Of this same victory :

O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done. 80

To th' souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allow'd a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges 85
She quit and set them free,
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten, 90
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free :
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave lord Willoughbèy. 95

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

THE subject of this ballad is taken from the '*Morte Arthur*,' with some variation, in which the author seems inclined to follow the tradition of the old Welch bards, who "believed that king Arthur was not dead, but conveyed awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever."—*Hollingshed*. Or, as it is mentioned in an old Chronicle: "The Bretous supposen, that he shall come yet and conquere all Bretaine, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn: he sayd, that his deth shall be doubtfull; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more, for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede."

[Copied from an old MS. fragment.]

ON Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe as you are mine unkle deare, 10
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For sir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knyghte ;
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye ;
And tolde them howe sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye. 20

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knyghtes king Arthure chose, 25
The best of all that with him were :
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee : 30
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knyghts did likewise bringe ;
The beste of all his companye, 35
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man shold no weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45
And both to faire accordance broughte ;
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte.

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee : 50
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there ;
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe ; 55
A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye ;
Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three. 60

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye ;
Ah mee ! it was a bloodye field,
As ere was foughte on summer's day.

Upon king Arthur's own partye 65
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde ; 70
The teares fast trickled downie his face,
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe rest yee all, brave knights, he said,
Soe true and faithful to your trust :
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts, 75
Be lefte to moulder into dust ?

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe ;
And, oh ! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe ! 80

But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby :
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke ; 85
O staye for love and charitie ;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, stay mee not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe : 90
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee ;
As his butler holpe him to his horse, 95
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas ! then sayd the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee ! 100

He put his speare into his reste,
And to sir Mordred loud gan crye ;
Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105
And fierce to meet the king ran hee ;
The king his speare he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe, 110
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And stricke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree :
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge, 115
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
Sir knighte, thou hast beene faithfuller tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freelye by my syde. 120

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe :
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde; 130
But now the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke then to the river went,
And there his own sword in threwe hee :
But he kept back Excalibar, 135
He kept it back in privitee.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilde of precious stone :
And ever alacke ! then sayd the knighte,
Must such a sword away be throwne ? 140

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ?
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then said the kinge, 145
O good sir Lukyn, goe again :
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee ; 150
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde, 551
Nowe with the angrie waters foughte.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,
Twice haste thou dealte deceytfullye;
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knyghte so false can bee? 160

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master deade;
All for a sword, that wins thine eye?
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the tone of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165
No aunswere made unto the kinge:
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air; 170
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote bee;
Then hastend backe to telle the kinge; 175
But he was gone from benethe the tree.

Unto what place he colde not telle,
For never after he did him spye:
But hee sawe a barge goe from the lande,
And hee heard ladyes¹ howle and crye. 180

¹ Ladies is frequently used by the old writers for nymphs.

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde ;
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,
 Hee never more was seene on molde. 184

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

[From a MS. in the possession of bishop Percy.]

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittainne borne,
 King Arthur I am to name ;
 Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,
 Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe believe ; 5
 I am a christyan bore :
 The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,
 One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
 Ore Brittainne I did rayne, 10
 After my savior Christ his byrth :
 What time I did maintaine.

The fellowshipp of the table round,
 Soe famous in those dayes ;
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15
 And thirty sate alwayes :

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
 As bookes done yett record,
 Amongst all other nations,
 Wer feared through the world. 20

And in the castle off Tyntagill,
King Uther mee begate,
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of his estate.

And when I was fifteen yeeres old, 25
Then was I crowned kinge :
All Brittain that was att an upròre,
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land ; 30
All Scotland then throughe manly feates,
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, and Norwaye,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland ; 35
I made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France :
And slew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
So terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of arms I flew :

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome, 45
I brought to deadly wracke ;
And a thousand more of noble knightes,
For feare did turne their backe :

Five kinges of paynims I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife; 50
Besides the Roman emperour,
Who alsoe lost his life.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome,
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past mount Joye 55
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome where I was mett,
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye,
I was crowned an emperour. 60

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought,
Howe Mordred had oppresst the crowne :
What treason he had wrought,

At home in Brittain with my queene; 65
Therefore I came with speede
To Brittain backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede :

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode : 70
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche sir Lancelot in fight, 75
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordred away,
Who fledd to London ryght,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght. 80

And still I him pursued with speede,
Till at the last we mett :
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreeede and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life, 85
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men,
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittain tooke their end. 90
O see how fickle is their state,
That doe on fates depend !

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escape away ;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes. 95
Alas ! that woefull day !

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne,
In honor and great fame ;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same. 100

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Colonel Richard Lovelace. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired, if it had more simplicity.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True ; a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

5

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honor more.

10

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

THIS insurrection took place in the reign of Elizabeth, in 1569. There had been some time before, between the English and Scotch nobility, a negotiation to bring about a marriage between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk. As this match promised to allay the troubles in Scotland, with advantages to England, it was agreed to, provided the consent of Elizabeth could be obtained. The Earl of Leicester undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, she had received information of it from others. Her rage knew no bounds. The duke of Norfolk was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls to appear at court. This event proved fatal to Thomas earl of Northumberland, who is represented as a man of a mild and gentle nature. He was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the queen's message, when he was forced into desperate measures by a report, that a party of his enemies were come to seize his person. He immediately withdrew to the earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the catholic religion, &c. &c. Their common banner, on which was displayed the cross, with the five wounds of Christ, was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, esq. of Norton Conyers, who, with his eight sons, bore a principal share in this rebellion. They entered Durham, tore the bible, and caused mass to be celebrated there; but the want of money obliged the insurgents to retreat into Scotland, where they dispersed.

The cruelties practised by the Queen's officers on the suppression of this insurrection exceed those practised in the West, after the fatal attempt of James duke of Monmouth. At Durham, sixty-three constables were hanged at once without trial. And Sir George Bowes boasted, that there was not a village or town between Newcastle and Wetherby, a length of sixty miles, and forty broad, that he had not executed some of the inhabitants.

The earl of Northumberland, after he had been forsaken by his followers, fell into the hands of some of the Scotch borderers, and was stript, and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, who pledged his honour to conceal him. But this faithless villain, who was under great obligations to this unfortunate nobleman, betrayed his guest for a sum of money to the regent Murray. He was finally sold to Elizabeth, by the earl of Morton and his relation Douglas. The earl was taken to York, and there executed.

[From a MS. in the possession of the late bishop Percy.]

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee,
 And I will sing of a noble earle,
 The noblest earle in the north countrey.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone, 5
 And after him walkes his faire ladie¹;
 I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That ever such harm should hap to thee; 10
 But goe to London to the court,
 And fair fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast, 15
 That at the court I may not bee.

¹ Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset earl of Worcester.

O go to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee ;
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltie ;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes, 25
And I myselfe will goe wi' thee,
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;
Far lever had I lose my life, 30
Than leave among my cruell foes,
My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To maister Norton thou must goe, 35
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro mee ;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie. 40

One while the little footpage went,
And another while he ran ;
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little footpage never blan.

When to that gentleman he came, 45
Down he knelt upon his knee ;
Quoth he, my lord commendeth him,
And sends this letter unto thee.

And when the letter it was redd,
Afore that goodlye companye, 50
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst too bee ;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne, 55
Now that good earle's in jeopardy ?

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;
That earle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight, 60
I wold not have you breake your word,

Gra mercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65
Gallant men I trowe you bee ;
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good earle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie, 70
O father, till the daye we die,
We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye, 75
A father's blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
'Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is grey,
It were a shame at these your yeares,
For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis, 85
Thou never learnedst this of mee ;
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee ; 90
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave earl Percy, 95
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The earle of Westmorland was hee ;
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see. 100

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
 The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye ²,
 Three Dogs with golden collars brave ³,
 Were there sett out most royallye.

Earl Percy there his ancyent spred, 105
 The Halfe-Moon shining all so faire⁴ ;
 The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
 And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
 After them some spoyle to make : 110
 Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
 To Barnard castle then fled hee.
 The uttermost walles were eathe to win, 115
 The earles have wanne them presentlie.

² The supporters of the earls of Westmoreland were two balls *argent*, ducally collared gold, armed *or*, &c.

³ The dogs were probably the bearings of the Nevilles of Yorkshire, who gave for their crest in 1513, a greyhound's head erased.

⁴ The silver crescent is a well-known badge of the Northumberland family. In an ancient pedigree in verse, we have this fabulous account given of the original. The author, begins with accounting for the name of Algernon, often borne by the Percys, who, he says, were

—Gernons fyrst named of Brutys bloude of Troy :

Which valliantly fyghtyng in the land of Persé
 At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,
 An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse ;
 In hys scheld dyd schyne a monke veryfying her lyght,
 Which to all the ooste yave a perfytte syght,
 To vaynquys his ennys, and to deth them persue ;
 And therefore the *Persés* [Percys] the Cressant doth renew.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone. 120

Then newes unto leeve London came,
In all the speede that ever may bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene,
Of the rysing in the north countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about, 125
And like a royall queene she swore ^s,
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

She caused thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see ; 130
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,
Th' earle Sussex and the lord Hunsdèn,
Untill they to Yorke castle came, 135
I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spread thy ancyeut, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye :
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye. 140

^s Her Majesty would frequently swear at her nobles, and sometimes box their ears.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moon vanished away ;
The Earles, though they were brave and bold,
Against so many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, 145
They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save ;
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight,
They cruellye bereav'd of life :
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.



SECTION V.—MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES,
WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.**

(Written with Charcoal on a Shutter.)

THESE lines were preserved by Paul Hentzner, but in a wretchedly corrupted state. Horace Walpole who reprinted a part of his works at Strawberry Hill, bestowed his correctional hand on this sonnet. It is here given as amended by him.

Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed 5
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte. 10

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

[From the Pepys Collection.]

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
As Chaucer he doth write;
Who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sicke she was, 5
And at the length did dye;
And then her soul at heaven gate,
Did knocke most mightilye.

First Adam came unto the gate;
Who knocketh there? quoth hee. 10
I am the wife of Bath, she sayd,
And faine would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam sayd,
And here no place shalt have.
And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee; 15
Now, gip, you doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,
Of all such churles as thee;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our paine and misery; 20

And first broke Gods commandiments,
In pleasure of thy wife.
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate, 25
And bids her packe to hell :
Thou false deceiving knave, quoth she,
Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
And thine own brother too. 30
Away slunk Jacob presently,
And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
And Lot he chides her straite.
How now, quoth she, thou drunken ass, 35
Who bade thee here to prate ?

With thy two daughters thou didst lye,
On them two bastardes got;
And thus most tauntingly she chaft,
Against poor silly Lot. 40

Who calleth there, quoth Judith, then,
With such shrill sounding notes ?
This fine minkes surely came not here,
Quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame, 45
When she heard her say soe !
King David hearing of the same,
He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,
And maketh all this strife? 50
You were more kinde, good Sir, she sayd,
Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
In battle to be slaine;
Thou causedst far more strife than I, 55
Who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
That thus doth taunt a king;
Not half so mad as you, she sayd,
I trowe, in manye a thing. 60

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didst provide;
And yet, god wot, three hundred whores,
Thou must maintaine beside:

And they made thee forsake thy God, 65
And worship stockes and stones;
Besides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd, 70
And therefore I do marvel much,
How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
So vile a scold as this.
Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she, 75
Thou diddest more amiss.

They say, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen-leaves are made.

Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
All is not true that's said. 80

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the gate.
Quoth she, good woman, you must think
Upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place, 85
Quoth Mary Magdalene. Then
'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,
She answer'd her agen :

You for your honestye, quoth she,
Had once been ston'd to death, 90
Had not our Saviour Christ came by,
And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,
You are become divine ;
I hope my soul in Christ his passion, 95
Shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose the good apostle Paul,
And to this wife he cryed,
Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here shalt be denyed. 100

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
All through a lewd desire ;
How thou didst persecute God's church,
With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last, 105
And to the gate he hies;
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe, 110
For mercye may be won;
I never did deny my Christ
As thou thyselfe hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this, 115
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul;
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercye she did crave. 120
Quoth he, thou hast refused
My proffer'd grace, and mercy both,
And much my name abus'd.

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,
And spent my time in vaine;
But bring me like a wandring sheepe
Into thy fold againe.

O Lord my God, I will amend 125
My former wicked vice:
The thief for one poor silly word
Past into paradise.

My lawes and my commandiments, 130
Saith Christ, were knowne to thee;
But of the same in any wise,
Not yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she ;

Most lewdly did I live ;

But yet the loving father did,

135

His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,

Through thy repenting crye

Come enter then into my rest,

I will not thee denye.

140

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distresse; 20
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinessse :
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25
Whom thou knowst thy countrys foe ?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,
- That you came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found :
With our city, you have won our hearts each one, 35
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
Rest you still, and weep no more ;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous store.” 40
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted
kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoyst my heart ;
I am lovely, young, and tender, 45
Love is likewise my desert :
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

" It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence ; 50
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go.

" I have neither gold nor silver 55
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own, 59
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies un-
known.

" On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.
Well in troth I shall endure extremity. 66
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

" Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife ; 70
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O happy is that woman,
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her ; 75
Of my suit I make an end.
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first com-
mence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold; 80
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer, 85
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companie:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain;
Farewell too my heart's content:
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee! 95
The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

VERSES BY CHARLES I.

THESE verses are preserved by Bishop Burnet in his "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton." He states they were copied from the original by a gentleman that waited on the king, who gave them to him. They are there intitled "Majesty in Misery; or, an Imploration to the King of Kings."

Hume remarks of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic."

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power
springs

The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To trace the treasons of thy foes and mine. 5

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10
The holy unction, and the royal globe ;
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
And those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it the Cause,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
 They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25
 Pious episcopacy must go down,
 They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,
 Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
 The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

'The church of England doth all factions foster,
 'The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
 'Extempore excludes the Pater-noster.

'The Presbyter, and Independent seed 34
 Springs with broad blades. To make the religion bleed
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

'The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :
 With such a bloody method and behaviour
 Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb, 40
 So many princes legally have come,
 Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
 Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :
 Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance. 45

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
Distress my children and destroy my bones ;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
Such, as thou know'st, do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, 70
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet though we perish, bless this Church and State.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

BY James Shirley. It was first published in a masque by that author in 1653.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day, 5
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind, 10
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

It has been supposed that the subject of this affecting ballad might relate to the celebrated Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with Mary. This appears to be without foundation, for Bothwell's age, which, at the time of that marriage, was upwards of sixty, renders it improbable that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. It refers entirely to a private story. The similarity of names no doubt first occasioned the mistake.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,

5

Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,

And with his sugred wordes to move,

10

His faynings fals and flattering cheire

To me that time did not appeire:

But now I see, most cruell hee

Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

15

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,

And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:

But smile not, as thy father did,

To cozen maids: nay God forbid!

Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
Be laving to thy father stil :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25
My love with him maun stil abyde :
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30
To saynings fals thine hart incline ;
Be loyal to thy luer trew,
And nevir change hir for a new :
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair, 35
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve : 40
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth ! 45
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe, 50
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

A SONNET BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention. They are preserved in Puttenham's "Arte of Englyshe Poesie," in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining in verse.

THE doubt of future foes,
 Exiles my present joy;
 And wit me warnes to shun such snare,
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5
 And subject faith doth ebbe;
 Which would not be if reason rul'd,
 Or wisdom wev'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried 10
 Do cloake aspiring mindes;
 Which turn to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed winde.

The toppe of hope supposed
 The roote of ruthe wil be;
 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles, 15
 As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
 Which great ambition blindes,
 Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
 Whose foresight falshood finds. 20

The daughter of debate¹,
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight 25
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brooke no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest,
Shall first his edge employ, 30
Shall quickly poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

¹ The Queen of Scots is evidently alluded to here.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

THIS ballad is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews, in crucifying Christian children; a practice which has always been alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that unfortunate race. The poet seems to have had in view the story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been murdered there by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion appears to be wanting; what it contained may probably be found in Chaucer's "Prioress's Tale."

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr, 5
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
 I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
 Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white,
 To intice the zong thing in: 10
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,
 And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
 And low down by her gair,
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life, 15
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts-bluid;
There was nae life left in. 20

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, gae now and play,
With zour sweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead, 25
Bade him lie stfl and sleip,
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame : 30
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir round about,
And sair sair gan she weip;
And she ran into the Jewis castèl, 35
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik :
' O lady, rin to the deip draw-well,
' Gin ze zour sonne wad seik. 40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne :
My bonny sir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither, 45
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deer,
Fetch me my winding sheet, 50
And at the back of Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa sall meet.

* * * * *

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

THIS and the following poem were written by Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, who died 1639, aged 72. The sonnet of "You Meaner Beauties" is addressed to that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the elector palatine, who was chosen king of Bohemia in 1619. The consequences of that election are well known. Sir Henry who in that and the following year was employed in many embassies in Germany, on behalf of this unfortunate lady, appears to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the queen of Bohemia."

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are; 5
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat; 10
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great:

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise, 15
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertaines the harmless day
With a well-chosen book, or friend.

20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

24

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

By Sir H. WOTTON.

[From the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ."]

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfie our eies,
More by your number, then your light;
You common people of the skies
What are you when the Sun shall rise? 5

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents: what's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistris shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind? 20

THE STURDY ROCK.

THIS poem is preserved in the "Paradise of Daintie Devices."
It is subscribed M. T. probably invented for T. Marshall.

- THE sturdy rock for all his strength,
 By raging seas in rent in twaine ;
 The marble stone is pearst at length,
 With little drops of drizzling rain :
 The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5
 The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.
- The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
 By yalping hounds at bay is set :
 The swiftest bird, that flies about,
 Is caught at length in fowlers net : 10
 The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
 Is soone deceived by subtile hooke.
- Yea man himselve, unto whose will
 All things are bounden to obey,
 For all his wit and worthie skill, 15
 Doth fade at length, and fall away.
 There is nothing but time doeth waste ;
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.
- But vertue sits triumphing still
 Upon the throne of glorious fame ; 16
 Though spiteful death mans body kill
 Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
 By life or death what so betides,
 The state of vertue never slides.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

THIS excellent song is ancient, but it is only to be found in modern copies.

OVER the mountains, and over the waves,
Under the fountains, and under the graves;
Over floods that are deepest, which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest, love will find out the way.

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space for receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture, lest herself fast she lay,
If love come he will enter, and soon find out his way.

You may esteem him a child for his might;
Or you may deem him a coward from his flight;
But if she whom love doth honour, be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards on her, love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him, by having him confin'd,
And some do suppose him, poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him, do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him, will find out the way.

You may train the eagle to stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle the phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her to give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover: he will find out his way.

THE
SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

THIS sonnet is given from a MS. written in the time of Elizabeth. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame at that period.

GOOD Muse, rocke me aslepe,
With some sweete harmony :
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while, 5
Thou seest my heavines :
Beautie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
That lovde to feede on highe, 10
Doe headlonge tumble down the rocke,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so freshe and greene,
Doe all their deintie colors leese, 15
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the rest, are now at hushe,
And not a note do singe. 20

Swete Philomene, the birde
 That hath the heavenly throte,
 Doth nowe, alas ! not once afforde
 Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, 25
 The herbs have loste their savoure ;
 For haples Corydon hath lost
 His lovelye Phyllis' favoure.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
 That knowest what helpe is best, 30
 Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
 To sett my harte at rest.

And in a dreame bewraie
 What fate shal be my frende ;
 Whether my life shall still decaye,
 Or soone my sorrowes ende. 36

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

THESE beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, whose name would have been utterly forgotten if it had not been preserved by Swift as a term of contempt. Wither, though of subordinate merit, was not devoid of genius. He had distinguished himself in his early years by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but getting involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I. he employed his pen in severe pasquils on the court and clergy. In the civil wars that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was appointed one of those provincial tyrants whom the Protector distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major-generals, and had the fleecing of the county of Surry. Surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his affluence, and giving vent to his disappointment in libels on the court, he was detained a long time in Newgate and the Tower. He died on the 2d of May, 1667, in his 79th year.

[Extracted from "the Mistress of Philaretus."]

Hence away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclaspe your wanton armes;
Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,
(Though you prove a thousand charmes.)

Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

5

10

I'me no slave to such as you be ;
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my rest :
Goe, goe, display 15
Your beautie's ray
To some ore-soone enamour'd swaine :
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 20

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie ;
Turne away your tempting eyes :
Shew not me a naked beautie ;
Those impostures I despise ;
My spirit lothes 25
Where gawdy clothes,
And fained othes may love obtaine :
I love her so,
Whose looke sweares No ;
That all your labours will be vaine. 30

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worne :
That may plucke the spotlesse roses
From their never-touched thorne ?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine :
Then hold your tongues,
Your mermaid songs
Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 40

Hee's a foole that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him :
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies
 Whilst there's noble hills to climbe ?
 No, no, though clownes
 Are star'd with frownes,
 I know the best can but disdain ;
 And those Ile prove :
 So shall your love
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

50

I do scorne to vow a dutie,
 Where each lustfull lad may wooe,
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie,
 Buzzards dare not soare unto.
 She, she it is,
 Affords that blisse
 For which I would refuse no paine :
 But such as you,
 Fond fools, adieu ;
 You seeke to captive me in vaine.

55

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am prooffe against your charmes.
 You labour may
 To lead astray,
 The heart that constant shall remaine ;
 And I the while,
 Will sit and smile,
 To see you spend your time in vaine.

65

70

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGN.

THIS humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Anthony à Wood attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times. For a further account of Sir J. S. see Introduction to "Why so pale, fond Lover," p. 134.

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight, ever went to fight, 5
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a
book,
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies all ran to the windows to see,
So gallant and warlike a sight-a, 10
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For till he came there, what had he to fear, 15
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hope,
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a¹;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight, 25
And all prepar'd to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs go — — -a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a, 30
But Sir John he did swear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where Sir John did play, at trip and away, 35
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

¹ John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Lewis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called de Vert.—BAYLE.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

THIS excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by Col. Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster, to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. In "Wood's Athenæ," may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the favourite of the ladies, and an example to his own sex, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want.

WHEN love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lye tangled in her haire, 5
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying thames, 10
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames :
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When health and draughts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe, 15
Know no such libertie.

When linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king; 20
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25
Nor iron bars a cage,
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free, 30
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such libertie.

JEALOUSY.

What state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the gentle breast?
Two souls in one; the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require:

If in this heaven a hell we find, 5

'Tis all from thee

O jealousie!

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharpe they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love: 10
In absence, or unkind disdaine,
Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine:

But, oh, no cure but death we find,

To sett us free

From jealousie, 15

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some sette too near, and some too farre:
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All torments of the damn'd we find

In only thee

O jealousie,

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

THIS little madrigal is extracted from Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman."

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast :
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found, 5
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace ;
Robes lossely flowing, haire as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10
Than all th' adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.



